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VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1868. NO. 31.

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JOHN SMITH'S DREAM.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Dreams are strange things, and some times lead to strange results. From the earliest ages, men have, with singular precaciously, placed implicit faith in them, and have often been led into queer blunders by them.

In all the course of my experience, however, I do not remember to have met with a more singular or more remarkable instance than that which I propose to relate. It happened in a certain city not many thousand miles from New England, and was related to me as authentic.

Mr. John Smith, as I shall call the hero, was a neighbor of mine, and a better hearted fellow never lived; he was kind and generous, and very popular with his friends, of whom he had many, and one of the best husbands in the world. John was a little over forty, and had been married about ten years. He had no children, and consequently gave to his wife all of the affection and attention he would have bestowed upon them. He paid his bill promptly, and was well-to-do in the world. Yet he had one failing. He was exceedingly credulous, and this led him to become a firm believer in dreams. He had provided himself with a "Dream Book" at an early day, and every morning his first act was to consult this volume, and learn what interpretation he should give his visions of the night.

Mrs. Smith, unlike her husband, was a skeptic and had no faith in dreams; and laughed heartily at her husband for his faith in them. When she found that nothing could change her liege lord, she, like a good wife, quietly let him alone.

When they had been married about ten years, John bought him a house in one of the fashionable streets of the city. It was not one of those good mansions, built in those days when people erected houses to last, but one of the modern shells, with paper walls and situated in about the centre of a long row of similar buildings. As houses go in those days, it was very comfortable, and John was considered a lucky man in being its owner.

When he had been in possession of his house for a few months, John Smith had a remarkable dream. He dreamed that he had discovered in his house a great silver set and other valuables. How he discovered it he could not exactly tell in his dream, but the sum which it contained was sufficient to set him up in the world as a man of wealth. He was delighted with this, and was sorry enough to waken and find in the clear light of morning that it was all a dream. Nevertheless, a dream though it was, it made an impression upon him; so great indeed, that once or twice, while he was dressing, he could almost fancy the matter a reality. At breakfast, he told his wife about it.

"You must have eaten something before you went to bed, which disagreed with you during the night," said Mrs. Smith, with a laugh.

"Nonsense, Susan. Stranger things than that have happened."

"But, John," said his wife, "to look at the matter seriously, where could you find a closet in such a house as this? The walls are so thin, that no human ingenuity could possibly construct such a closet. Now, if this were an old castle, or even one of the old-time houses, there might be a possibility of such a thing, but in this house, as I said, it is absurd."

John Smith was silenced, but not convinced, and he went off to his business, with his mind full of his dream. He thought about it all day, and was really inquisitive of doing anything with his ordinary case and ability. He kept his own counsel, however, and said nothing more of the matter to his wife, on his return home that afternoon.

That night, his dream was repeated. He again saw the closet and its precious contents, but was again unable to tell how he discovered the secret, or where the closet was situated. The next morning he was in a state of great excitement, and triumphantly informed his wife that his dream had repeated, and he was sure there was something in it. He did not reflect, that having, thought of nothing else all through the previous day, it was but natural that he should dream of it at night. Now, in spite of his wife's laughing at him, he resolved to test the matter, and see what would come of it.

Arming himself with a hammer, he went carefully over the house, rapping on all the walls, to see if he could detect any cavity. His wife followed him, with mingled curiosity and amusement. For an hour he rapped away patiently, but the walls only gave out a solid sound. At last, however, he struck with different success. The wall this time resounded to the blow with a hollow, metallic sound. Turning excitedly to his wife, John Smith struck again, and bade her listen. The wall was evidently hollow here.

"What do you think, now, Susan?" he asked, gleefully.

"I am still unconvinced," she replied, though not so confidently as before.

"But I am," said her husband, excitedly; and he made the plaster fly in every direction.

"What are you doing, John? Are you deranged?" cried Mrs. Smith, as she looked on with astonishment.

"I am going to get into this closet," was the reply; and the plaster flew thicker and faster than before.

The Erie War—Why It Began and How It Is.

"Barleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, gives the following sketch of the history and status of the great Erie railroad way, which has the merit of being much more intelligible and probably as truthful, as any before published.

"For many years Vanderbilt and Drew have been fast friends; in gigantic operations that have laid out the streets they have been allies. Their first quarrel was about the Harlem. Vanderbilt won and Drew paid a heavy sum for selling short. At the late election for the Erie road, Mr. Drew was left out. If men make money on the Erie, they congratulate themselves; if they lose they curse 'Old Drew,' as he is called. The usual cry of 'mad dog' was raised and Mr. Drew was out in the cold. He went to Vanderbilt and complained. He said he could not afford to be kept off the board of directors, and Vanderbilt said he should be put on. At the next meeting of the board, the commodore, true to his promise, ordered one of the directors to resign, which he did. 'Now, gentlemen,' said the autocrat, 'elect Mr. Drew a member of your board.' It was done. 'Now, gentlemen, elect Mr. Drew your treasurer.' The gentlemen did it. So far, all was peace. The next step on the part of the Commodore was to monopolize the travel to St. Louis. Mr. Drew attempted to head off his monopoly. He made arrangements with some roads out West to lay a third rail to secure a wide gauge track to the Mississippi. Vanderbilt sent an imperious order to Mr. Drew to desist, telling him he was poaching on his manor. Drew said he should not withdraw. In his Doric style, Vanderbilt said, 'Then I'll make you. So the war began. Except as he is backed by the Erie road, Mr. Drew is fighting this battle alone. To sustain himself, he threw the larger part of his stock overboard. It did not do what he expected. He simply played into the hands of his enemies, for Vanderbilt's friend bought it up as fast as he offered it for sale. Mr. Drew then issued the new stock, of which so much has been said. He did this to buy up the lines of road by which alone he could secure to Erie her share of the Pacific railroad business. Then came injunctions, contempt of court, orders for arrest and other proceedings, that have employed so many eminent Lawyers, and to whom it is said that no less than \$250,000 will be paid counsel fees. To escape from close confinement in jail, Mr. Drew fled to New Jersey. That little State is with him in the fight; so is Albany and central New York. Foremost in the fight is the Commodore himself. Over seventy, he is the mightiest man in New York, resolute, defiant, few can match him. He would not stop at \$20,000 to carry his point. Torrence, his English son-in-law, has been called home from London to aid in the battle. G. Osgood, the receiver appointed by Judge Barnard, is also a son-in-law. So is Horace F. Clarke, the leading counsel. Richard Schell is Vanderbilt's confidential broker. Indeed, all the brokers are down on Drew, for all have lost money on the Erie, and blame Drew for it. No stock issued since the 7th of March is received by the brokers. John Morrissey is Vanderbilt's right hand man. While at Saratoga he had a fine horse that Vanderbilt wanted. He said to the agent: 'My horse is not safe; if he goes, Vanderbilt has not money enough to buy him.' He added, 'If the Commodore will accept my horse as a present, he is welcome to him.' From that hour his fortune was made. He is worth over a million. He is about to give up the business of gambling, so he told a banker the other day. For himself, he expects nothing, but he means to save his son, he says, and bring him up to a respectable calling.

Judge Barnard is ready to clap Mr. Drew into jail. He is one of the smartest and shrewdest men in New York. He has the courage of a lion. He belongs to the club of which Vanderbilt and his sons-in-law are members. The appointment of Osgood as receiver by the judge is thought to indicate that should Mr. Drew get into his hands he will be certain to receive no more favor than the law allows. It is confidently believed that plans are laid to catch Mr. Drew and bring him to New York. The sum of \$25,000 is the amount promised for the body of the absconding treasurer. We have a hundred men in New York who would do it for half that sum and be glad of the chance. Low, black looking craft, late at night, are said to be hovering about Jersey City. Squads of special constables are being sworn in, and soldiers are under arms.

The Boston Post is one of the ablest Democratic papers in the country, but is edited by both a wit and a gentleman. Anticipating a great Democratic triumph in the recent election in New Hampshire, it prepared a big cut of a rooster to crow over the Radicals. The result proved to be 'not that kind of a cat,' however, and the rampant bird was displayed upside down, the editor hopefully explaining that the election has capsized him.

The Cincinnatians are afraid that another bridge over the Ohio at Louisville will very materially interfere with the navigation of the stream. They prefer their rivers, like their dictionaries, unbridged.

Ireland sends much better to England.

Bounty Claims.

FAVORABLE GENERAL OFFICE, 1 WASHINGTON, D. C. March 25th, 1868.

It is entirely impracticable for this office to reply to the immense number of inquiries from claimants or their friends and attorneys, as to the condition or cause of delay in the adjustment of their bounty claims without serious interruption to the public business, especially in the very matter of settling these particular claims. This printed circular is the only response that can be given.

All the bounty claims now on file are being settled as fast as the Second Auditor of the Treasury can furnish, from the muster rolls now deposited in his office, the evidence necessary to determine the validity of each claim. This information has been applied for, and the Auditor is now furnishing responses to our inquiries at the rate of about 20,000 per month. At this rate it is expected that the whole number of claims filed or likely to be filed, will be acted on and finally settled in the next nine months.

When a claim is allowed, the check is drawn to the order of the claimant; and sent, with his discharge, to his attorney, or to himself, where no attorney has been appointed, and is payable only upon endorsement by claimant, unless the latter shall, by a power of attorney executed subsequent to the date of this check, authorize his attorney to act for him. If any check is paid on improper endorsement, the assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York City, on whom all checks for additional bounty are drawn, is the responsible party to whom the payee, in such case, must look for payment. It will thus be seen that the soldier cannot be defrauded, unless, by his own act, he places himself in the power of his attorney.

B. W. BRICE,
Paymaster General.

An Act to Facilitate the payment of soldiers' bounties under act of eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ, for not more than one year, fifty additional clerks in the division of the Second Auditor's office of the Treasury Department, to expedite furnishing information to the Paymaster General in regard to the provisions of sections twelve and thirteen of act entitled 'An act making appropriations for sundry civil expenses of government for the year ending June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, and for other purposes,' approved July twenty-eight, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, giving in all cases preference in said employment to soldiers and sailors honorably discharged from the service of the United States.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to procure and to provide adequate and convenient rooms for all clerks employed in the examination of the muster-rolls in said office.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the assistant treasurers of the United States in the cities of New York and San Francisco be, and they are hereby, directed to pay duplicate checks, for bounties granted under the said act, upon notice and proof of the original check or checks, under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may direct.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That the Second Comptroller and Second Auditor are each hereby authorized to detail on clerks in his bureau, who may sign all certificates and papers issued under any of the several bounty acts for such Comptroller and Auditor, and such signature shall be as valid in all respects as if signed by the said Comptroller and Auditor, who shall be responsible respectively for the official acts of said clerks.

Approved March 19, 1868.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentleman," said one well known to me, who on a journey, and set close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you do not understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger "in my ride this morning, I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," was the again reply.

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten had, by digestion, turned to feathers on the backs of geese, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you believe it," he replied, but do you understand it?"

They were confounded and silent, and evidently ashamed, as they well might be.

Accounts from the interior of Alabama and Mississippi report serious damage to plantations from late rains. The rivers and creeks are very high and in many places running over the banks. It is feared that a general replanting must be done.

The Fashions.

A few years ago the ladies were reproached for having too indiscriminately appropriated everything connected with the masculine toilet. Hardly any of these articles appeared to escape their grasp—waistcoats, hats, cravats, caps, &c., were all the fashion, and the ornaments most errogue were leather, nails and other articles of that description. At that time the cavalier style was considered the most elegant. At the present this is no longer the case, and as Dame Fashion has a predilection for striking contrasts, we suddenly adopt the Florian or pastoral style, in fact, anything that is fresh, graceful, and occasionally a little affected. Ladies of taste succeed in making spring poems of their toilets or recall Trianon, and the inspirations of Watteau, &c. There some young married ladies adopt in their homes the apron. These are worn of changeable silk, shot color, or any other shade with lace sewed in rows or plaited round them, with a long sash floating over the skirt. There is nothing prettier than these small aprons on skirts of shades. Flowers are also indicated for the contour which they long suffered and are now allowed a conspicuous place in every complete toilet. The following simple and very graceful costume for young ladies is an illustration of this—blue chambray gauze silk on transparent white taffeta. The skirt is worn very long but quite plain. The low-neck waist is cut square and very low on a plaited ruff; it is bordered by a blue ribbon (fastened so as to float over the shoulders and bosom and is apparently held by an eglantine. The belt is tied behind and fastened to the waist by three clusters eglantines floats like a sash. The head-dress is composed of two head-bands of blue taffeta, also interspersed with eglantines. A blue velvet ribbon, tied round the neck, is fastened behind a similar flowerer. This toilet is very graceful and is well adapted for dinner or small evening parties. For skirts every material of changeable color is preferred, and the Marie Antoinette style is adopted to the fashion, but to the colors worn at that period. For the same reason, wide skirts continue to be in vogue. Plain skirts tucked up on passers on striped underskirts will consequently be done away with, and a number of small ruffles of ribbon or silk scattered all over the costume replace them. The colors in fashion are very numerous, and vary from that of Bateau-vine to Matterick green. Maize-color, selika, bronze, gray of every shade, and Pompadour deserve likewise to be quoted. But two colors are used for a costume, and it is considered good taste for the ornaments to be of a similar shade. As for the richest spring toilets which have been noticed was a dress of Persian lilac satin, a cloak detached from the shoulders in the style of pages or princess in fairy tales. The Princess of M— worn short gray satin dress. Another princess, likewise dressed in gray, bore on her arm the immense train of her dress. The latter style is generally adopted now. A capucine toilet has been observed, which is both original in form and color; it had the panier shape, the second skirt being tucked up in a very striking manner by the sack of capucine silk. All these toilets are only the precursors of the fashions of 1868, and will assume a more decided character after the first race of the season. It is expected that high-headed dresses will be affected, and that bonnets will adopt a neutral attitude; the front will be two fingers in width, or a mere diadem, ending in a veil, may be worn. Capuche bonnets are also made. These are nothing but narrow fronts terminating in a lace hood. The Spanish mantilla, with an idea of a bonnet, is likewise among the fashions of the day. Steel takes the place of gold and jet for everything; fancy jewelry is all spangled with it. Lace and ribbons are also covered with this metal, for ornaments of skirts and dresses. For linen, I must quote the Marie Antoinette lace, or embroidered muslin manteliet, Lamballe collars, with ends fastened to the belt, Trianon collars, fastened to the chest, stolemantellets of muslin or lace, and other samples, all ornamented with plaits or ruffles of ribbon and flowers. It is with lace as it was with flowers. —It returns after having been long neglected. Lace will not only be worn on evening dresses, but will also adorn high flounces and tunics over Spring costumes. These tunics and flounces, with a mantilla of lace or a sash veil, will sometimes impart to dresses a decidedly Andalusian stamp. I hope soon to be able to give all the particulars in regard to the manner of arranging the hair, following up one of the most characteristic fashions of this year—the high head-dress.

The editor of the Pittsburgh Dispatch has been presented by Mr. Scott, chief of police, with the photograph of a gentleman now on a visit to that city, whose beard has grown to the monstrous length of six feet within the last seven years.—We understand that he has to keep it rolled up under his arm when walking, otherwise it would drag on the ground. The name of the individual who wears this singular looking appendage is Andrew Leppen. His beard is of a perfectly natural growth, and from its appearance one would judge that, if wrapped around his body, it would afford almost as good a covering as a blanket.

St. Louis lost, in 1867, \$2,770,500 by fires.

Second Street was broken into while she was absent last Sunday, and a fine gold watch and a pistol stolen.

Suspicion immediately attached to a young seagrace by the name of Charles McGregor, who was known to be of the light fingered persuasion, and measures were taken to detect him. His lodgings were examined during his absence on Monday, but no trace of the missing property discovered. A number of citizens determined on satisfying themselves in regard to his guilt or innocence, and laid their plans accordingly. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and sheriff Johnson started for him about noon. He found him a few miles out in the country, and started to town with him in a buggy. When a short distance east of the Cemetery, in the dense thicket, they were suddenly pounced upon by the aforementioned citizens—some half a dozen in number. One of them seized the horse by the bridle, another presented a revolver at the sheriff and threatened, in the most approved tragic style, to 'blow him through,' if he moved a muscle (we are inclined to think the sheriff was not very badly scared, however), while the balance of the party seized the prisoner, at the same time uttering dire threats of vengeance to have his life. The sheriff plad (?) with the exasperated crowd to allow the young man to have a trial, but no, they were determined (?) to have his life, then and there, and rid the community of such a pest. The Sheriff then tried to persuade the prisoner to reveal the whereabouts of the stolen property, and thus save his life. No he declared his innocence in the stoutest manner. He was then taken a short distance into the woods, where the "detective force" had left their horses, and one of the party immediately produced a rope about the size of a steamboat cable, and in a terribly excited manner called on his companions to assist in "stringing up" the prisoner. The sight of the rope (and from all accounts we judge it was a frightful one) caused the young scoundrel to "wilt," and he said if they would not hang him he would tell all about it. This pacified the supposed "vigilantes," and they promised to leave him to the law if he would tell truthfully. He said he had entered the house about noon on Sunday, by way of the window, stole the watch and pistol, and they would find them secreted in the manger of Mrs. Jackson's stable. The "detectives" having accomplished their object, they allowed the sheriff to bring the prisoner to town. The stolen property was found just where he said it was, and the prisoner was committed to jail by Esquire O'Neill in the absence of bail to the amount of \$600, to await his trial before the District Court. To all young men who are inclined to be light fingered we would say beware. There are "Ingens around."—Plattsmouth Herald.

A child eagerly examines every object around it, or in lack of objects, then the picture or images of objects. But between the child and nature, we interpose medium, a book, and we expect a child to profit by symbols, which to us, indeed, are full of meaning, but which to it are mysteries, whose significance it is slow to discover. Pedants snort disdainfully at the thought of teaching science to children. Yet what is science, in great part, but observation methodized. A child cannot easily be kept from observing and even generalizing. The question is, whether it shall do both ignorantly, of its own wild fancy, or under the guidance of maturer judgment and ampler knowledge. As all children, not wholly stupified by the compression and distortion of the school, form for themselves a kind of science, draw inferences, and make generalizations, probably erroneous, certainly incomplete, shall they be left without guidance, or without encouragement.

In a certain family, not long since, a pair of twins made their appearance, and as a matter of course, were shown to their little sister of four years. Now, it so happened that whenever a railer profane cat of the household had kittens, one of them of course the prettiest was saved, and the rest drowned. When the twins were shown the child by their happy father, little M— looked at them long and earnestly, and at length, putting her little finger-tip on the cheek of one of them, looked up, and said, with all the seriousness possible—"Papa! I think we'll call this one!"

An alarm report was received at a newspaper office in London on the 22. It said two men, supposed to be Fenians, were arrested at a late hour to-night near the servants' door of Buckingham Palace. They were carrying a hammer, which, on being opened, was found to contain a gallon of liquid phosphorus, or Greek fire. The parties made a desperate resistance, and were with difficulty secured. A third person, who was in company with them, bearing a basket, fled as soon as the latter were seized, and escaped all pursuit.

Farmers in 1776—Man at plow, wife at cow, girl at yara, boy at barn, and all does settled. Farmers in 1867—Man at show, girl at piano, wife in satin, boy at Latin, and dues unsettled.

Though the peach prospect in Greene and Howard counties, Mo., has been damaged, their will yet be—say the farmers there—a fare crop.